MARVEL

#2

BEMIS
TALAJIĆ
MARZAN JR.
MRVA

FOOLKILLER™

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS...

FOOLKILLER

In his past, Greg Salinger was the murderous vigilante known as Foolkiller, seeking to punish those who act immorally and give in to foolish crimes. Now, Greg is trying to suppress his violent urges and move on to a normal life, taking on a job as a psychologist working for S.H.I.E.L.D. and living in Queens with a girlfriend he loves. His resolve is tested when he's assigned a young neo-Nazi named Rodney who is trying to make a name in the criminal world as the Young Red Skull. Working with Rodney reminds Greg of his own troubled childhood, and when Rodney ultimately fails at his recovery and commits a murder to assist his gang, Greg loses control and snaps Rodney's neck. With a taste of violence and retribution, Greg's old instincts are stirred, and he finds himself taking on the Foolkiller mantle once more...

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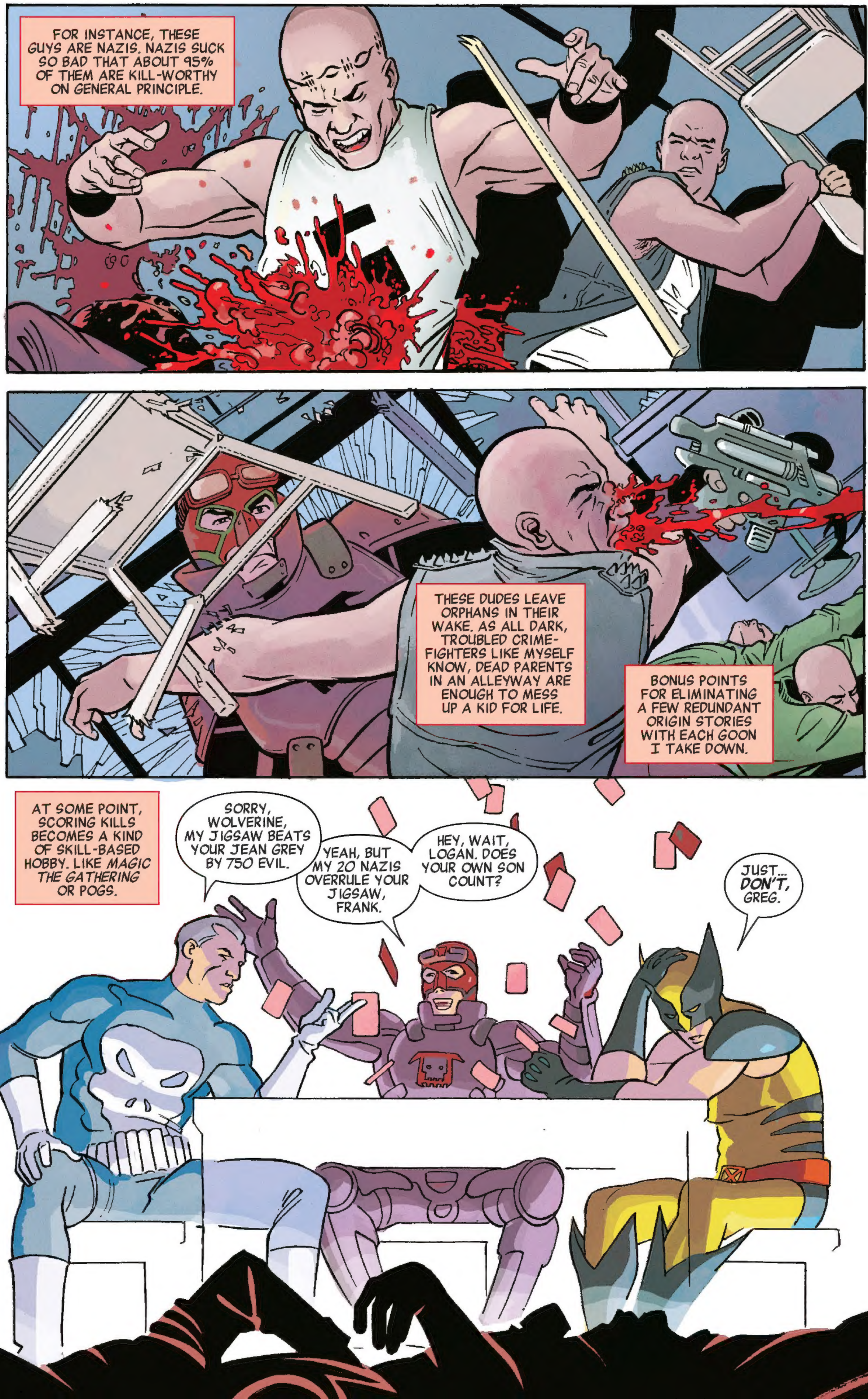
FATE LED ME TO A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BLOODBATH, WHICH IS MENTALLY EXHAUSTING.
FRANK CASTLE AND HIS KIND REALLY MAKE THIS SEEM EASY. LIKE VIGILANTES ARE ONE-NOTE THINKERS.
YOU SEE HIM AT WORK AND IT'S LIKE HE'S DOING *MATH HOMEWORK.*
PERSONALLY, I LEAN INTO THE EXPERIENCE. I HAVE A BUNCH OF TRIED AND TRUE METHODS FOR ACHIEVING THE ZEN OF SLAUGHTER.


FOR INSTANCE, THESE GUYS ARE NAZIS. NAZIS SUCK SO BAD THAT ABOUT 95% OF THEM ARE KILL-WORTHY ON GENERAL PRINCIPLE.
THESE DUDES LEAVE ORPHANS IN THEIR WAKE. AS ALL DARK, TROUBLED CRIME-FIGHTERS LIKE MYSELF KNOW, DEAD PARENTS IN AN ALLEYWAY ARE ENOUGH TO MESS UP A KID FOR LIFE.
BONUS POINTS FOR ELIMINATING A FEW REDUNDANT ORIGIN STORIES WITH EACH GOON I TAKE DOWN.
AT SOME POINT, SCORING KILLS BECOMES A KIND OF SKILL-BASED HOBBY. LIKE *MAGIC THE GATHERING* OR POGS.
SORRY, WOLVERINE, MY JIGSAW BEATS YOUR JEAN GREY BY 750 EVIL.
YEAH, BUT MY 20 NAZIS OVERRULE YOUR JIGSAW, FRANK.
HEY, WAIT, LOGAN. DOES YOUR OWN SON COUNT?
JUST... *DON'T,* GREG.

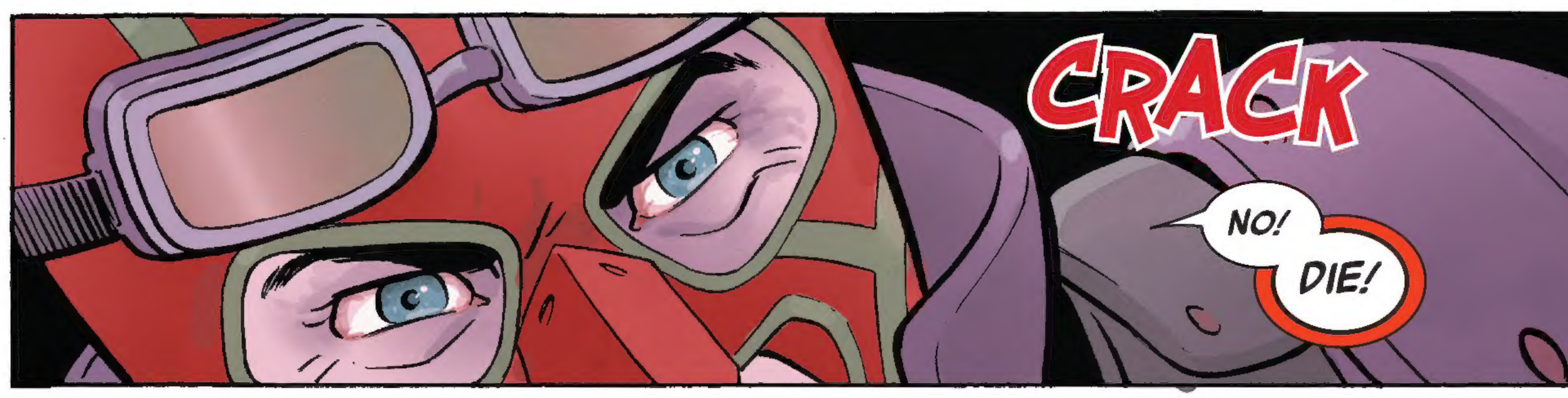
HOWEVER, IT'S REALLY A BALANCING ACT. YOU GOTTA BALANCE OUT THE "CRAZY" AND THE "VENGEFUL."

SO YOU CAN'T LET THEM IN TOO MUCH EMOTIONALLY, OR CRACK UP. THIS IS A JOB, REMEMBER.
GET OVER HERE, GREG...

YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY.
WHAT?

NO... NO...NOT AGAIN...

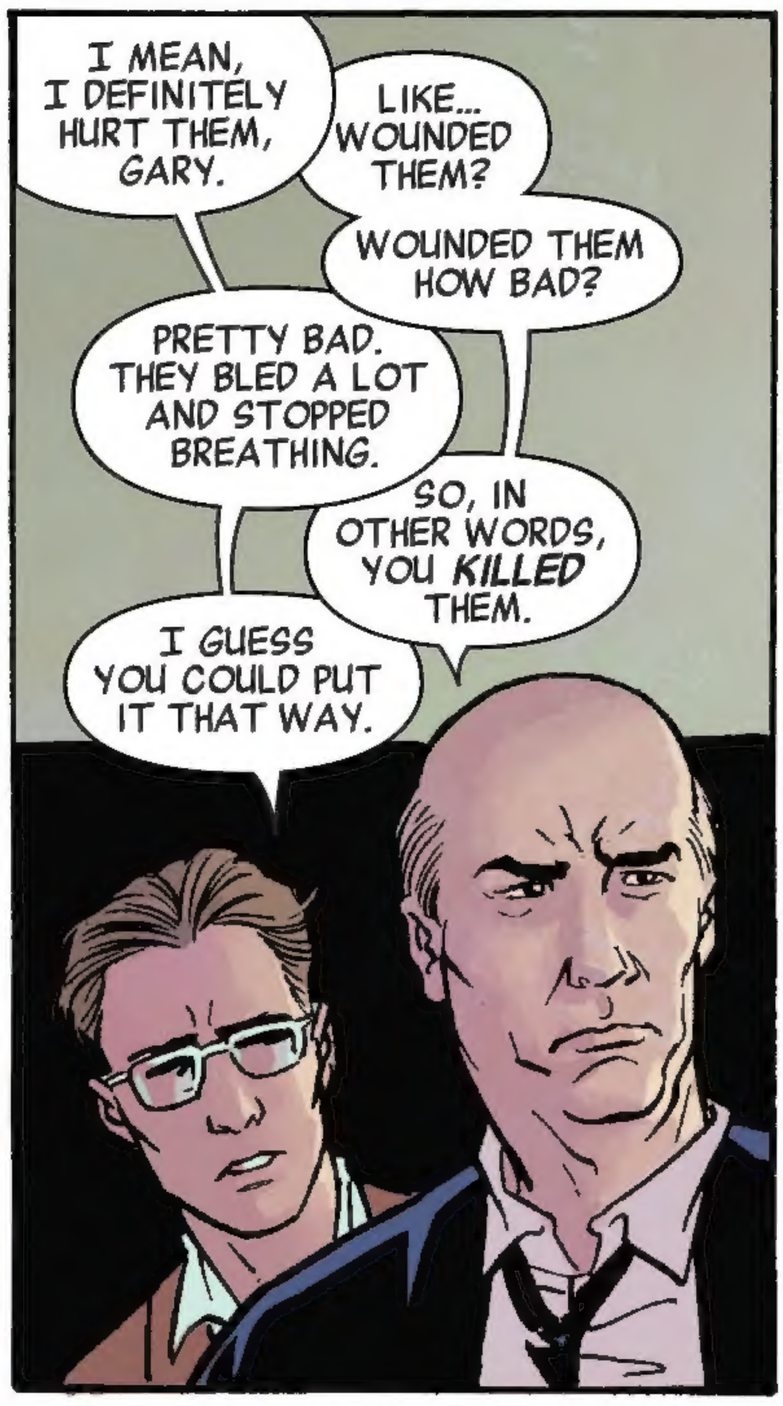
YOU'RE NOT MY DADDY!
AGHHH! DID YOU...DID YOU JUST SAY... "DADDY"?

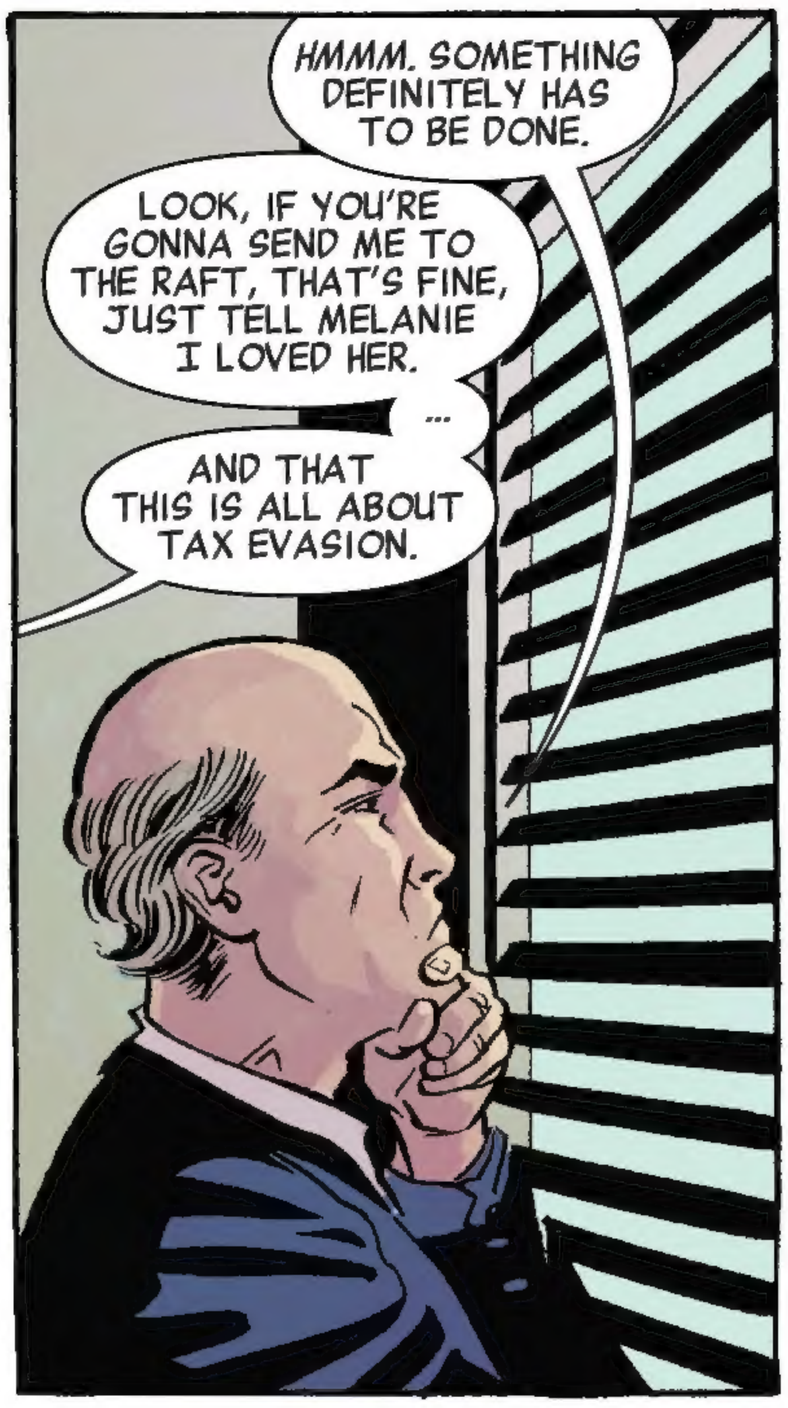

CRACK
NO!
DIE!

AT THE END OF THE DAY, REMEMBER... YOU DID THE RIGHT THING.
YOU'RE THE HERO.

I'M A MONSTER!

YOU'RE NOT A MONSTER, GREG.
WHY CAN'T I JUST BE A NORMAL GUY? I KNEW I COULDN'T STAY OFF THE SAUCE.
CALM DOWN. EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF DAMAGE ARE WE TALKING HERE?


I MEAN, I DEFINITELY HURT THEM, GARY.
LIKE... WOUNDED THEM?
WOUNDED THEM HOW BAD?
PRETTY BAD. THEY BLED A LOT AND STOPPED BREATHING.
SO, IN OTHER WORDS, YOU KILLED THEM.
I GUESS YOU COULD PUT IT THAT WAY.


HMMM. SOMETHING DEFINITELY HAS TO BE DONE.
LOOK, IF YOU'RE GONNA SEND ME TO THE RAFT, THAT'S FINE, JUST TELL MELANIE I LOVED HER.
...
AND THAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT TAX EVASION.

GREG...WE'RE NOT GOING TO SEND YOU TO THE RAFT.
IN FACT I THINK WE'LL TAKE THE OPPOSITE APPROACH.

GARY, WHO HAS OFFICIALLY GRADUATED TO MAN-CRUSH STATUS, TELLS ME THAT I HANDLED THE SITUATION PERFECTLY.

S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS ALWAYS WANTED THEIR OWN PUNISHER. BUT THE PUNISHER CAN'T BE TRUSTED, AND YOU CAN'T AIM HIM.

WE LOVE YOU, MELANIE!

DATE MY DAD! DATE HIM!!

THE SYSTEM WORKS PERFECTLY. THEY SEND ME BAD GUYS, I TREAT THEM AND SEE IF THEY CAN BE REHABILITATED.

IF THEY'RE DEEMED HOPELESS... WELL, THEY GET TO MEET THE FOOLKILLER. IT'S MY IDEAL GIG.

YOU MADE IT!

I HAD TO SEE YOU IN ACTION TODAY.

THIS FEELS SO NATURAL. SO SUSTAINABLE. LOVE. A JOB. A REAL-WORLD LIFE.

ARE YOU SUFFICIENTLY IMPRESSED?

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE THE GUTS TO GET UP THERE EVERY NIGHT.

I GET NERVOUS TRYING TO BE COMPOSED IN FRONT OF *ONE PERSON IN A DARK OFFICE.*

CAN.

I WANT YOU TO MEET MY PRODUCERS.

I FEEL LIKE SHOWING OFF MY BOO.

IT.

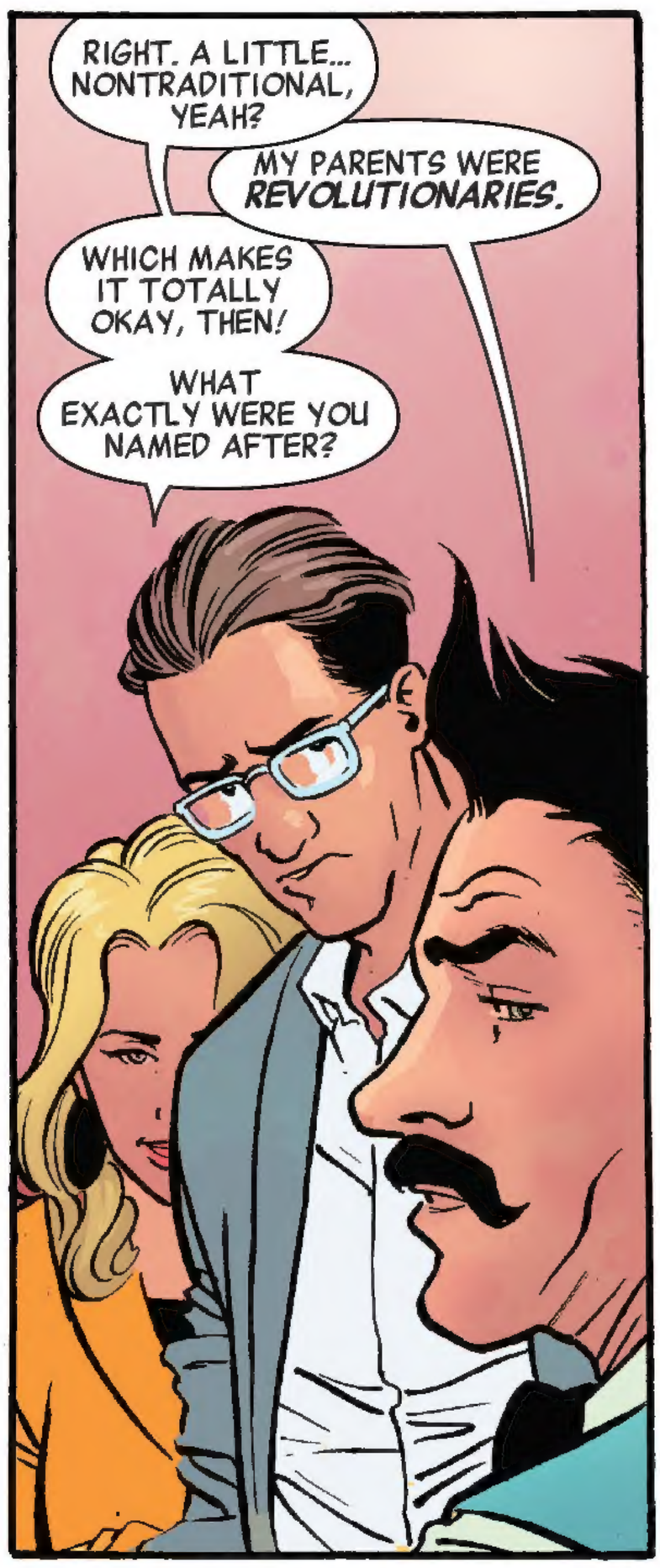
MEETING PEOPLE.

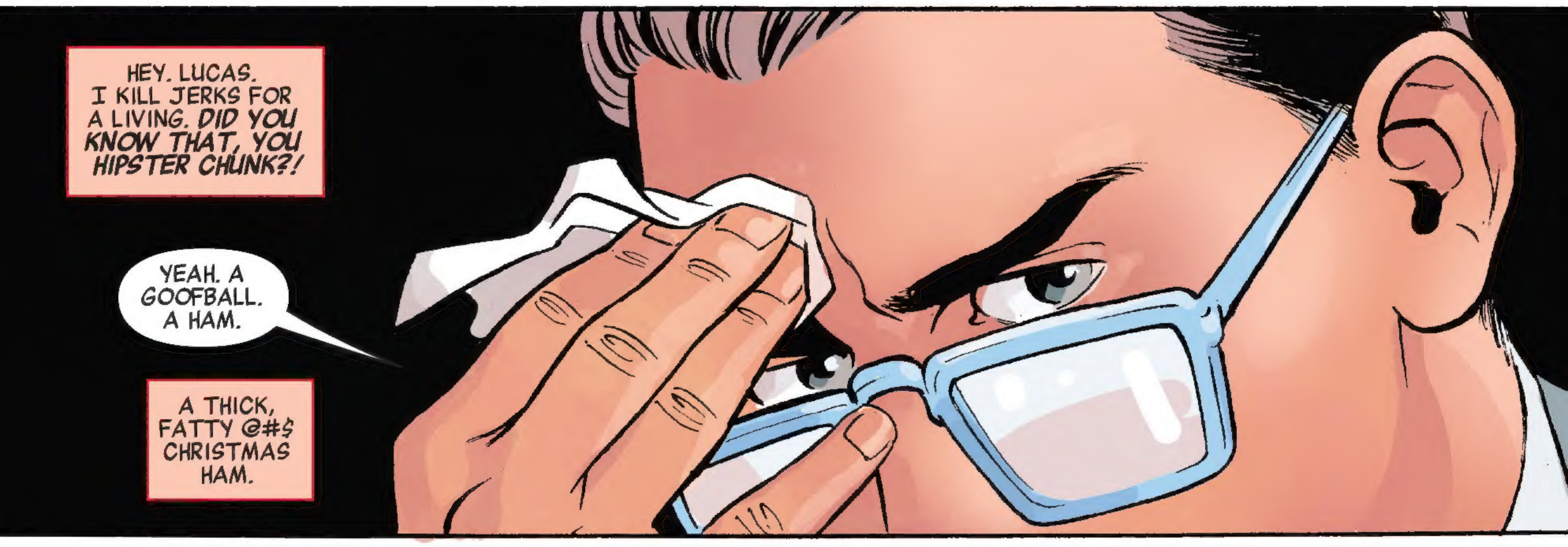
RIGHT.

LAST?

SOUNDS GREAT!

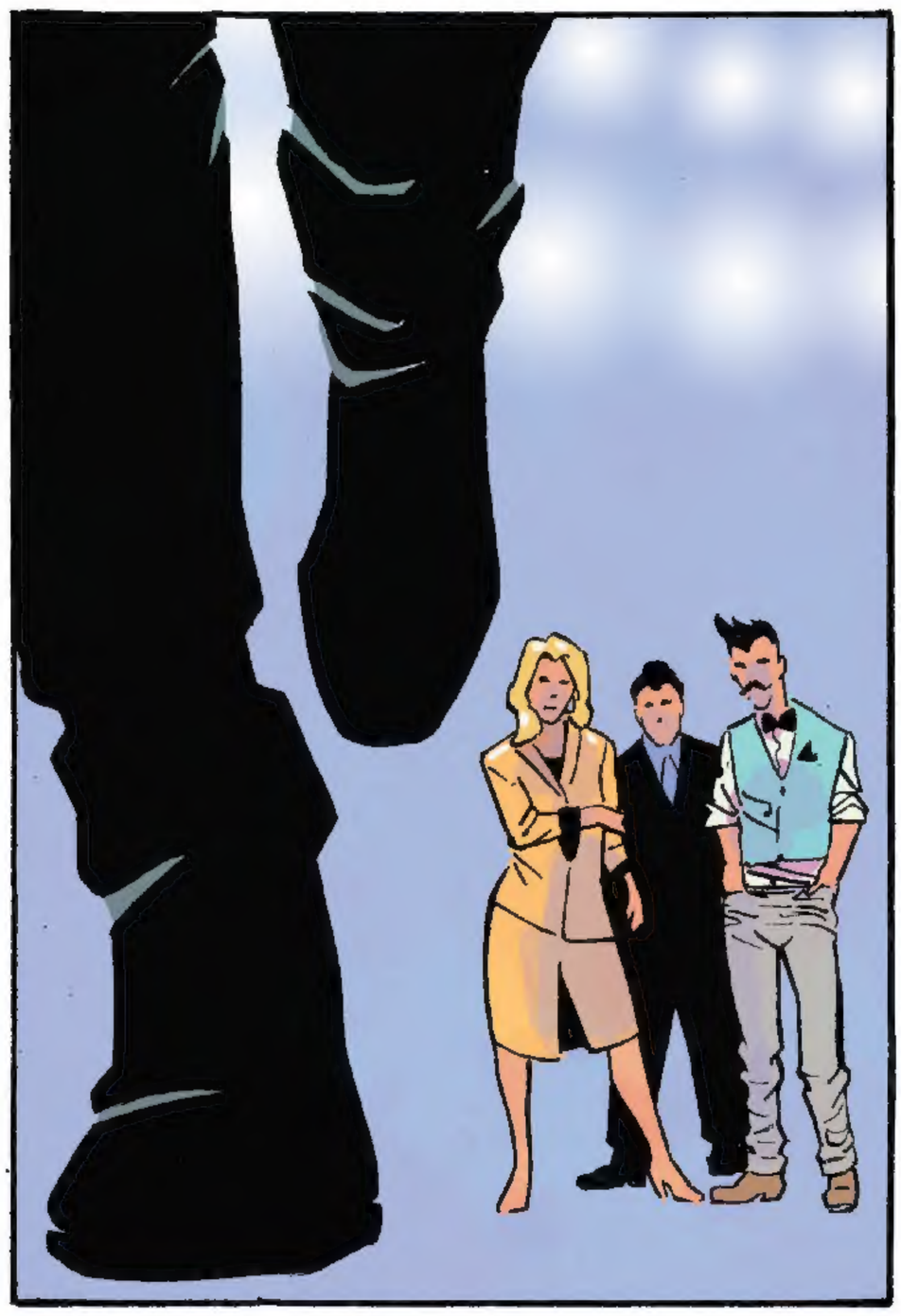
SO... SATCHEL! WHAT AN INTERESTING NAME.
IS THAT YOUR GIVEN?
YEAH, IT IS.




HEY. LUCAS. I KILL JERKS FOR A LIVING. DID YOU KNOW THAT, YOU HIPSTER CHUNK?!
YEAH. A GOOFBALL. A HAM.
A THICK, FATTY @#$ CHRISTMAS HAM.

GREG, YOU'VE GOT A CALL.
I DO? I...
OH, MAN! I'M LATE FOR A SESSION.
I HAVE TO RUN.
BZZZ

THIS WAS GREAT, GUYS. LET'S DO IT AGAIN SOON.



MAN, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM.
HA HA!
SHUT UP, SATCHEL.
YOU KNOW YOUR NAME SUCKS.

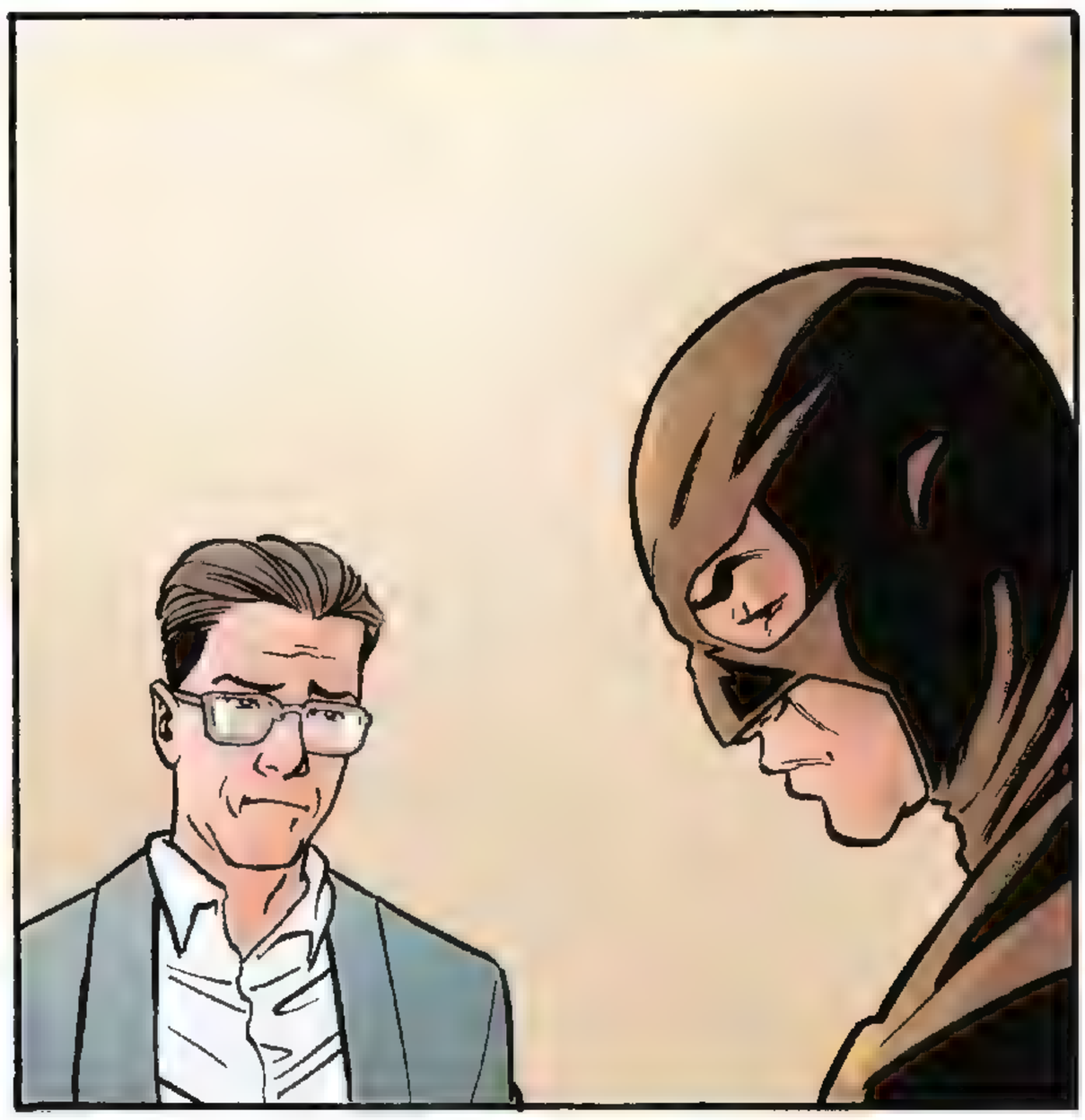
SO... I CAN'T BE READING THIS RIGHT.
YOU GO BY...
THE #$%& KING.
I'M SORRY, WHAT? I THINK I'M MISHEARING YOU.
CAN YOU SPELL THAT OUT FOR ME?
YOU'RE NOT MISHEARING ANYTHING.
#...$... %...&.
THE #$%& KING.
RIGHT.
...
BUT... WHY?
THERE'S REALLY NO OTHER WAY TO SPIN IT. IT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT I DO.
RIGHT, I CAN SEE THAT, BASED ON THIS S.H.I.E.L.D. REPORT.
LET'S START WITH EXPLAINING HOW YOU GOT INTO THE GAME, SO WE CAN INVESTIGATE YOUR... BEHAVIOR.
DO I HAVE TO?
PLEASE.

"SO WE'VE ALL COME TO ANTICIPATE ATTACKS BY GIANT MONSTERS AND ALIENS, RIGHT?

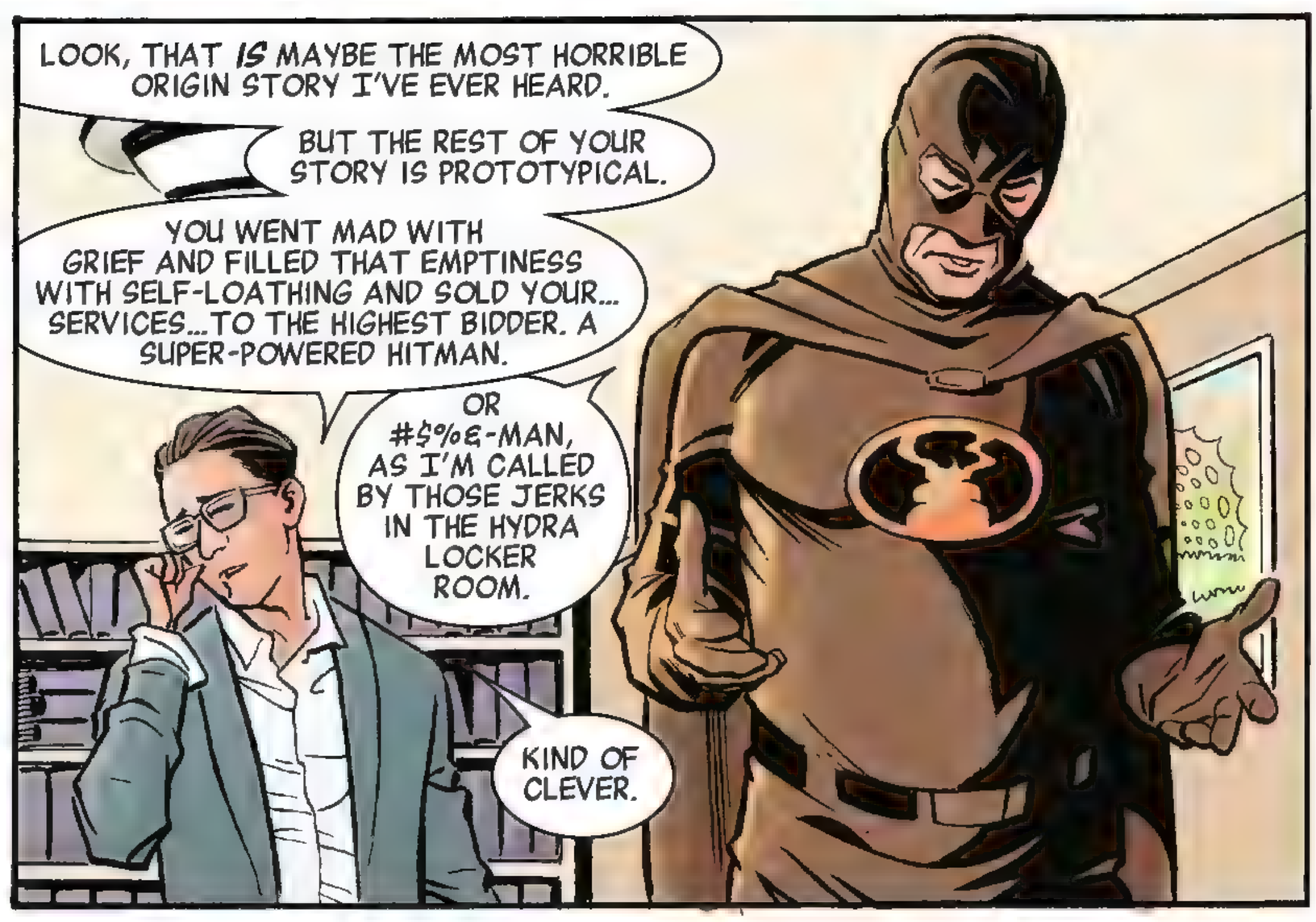
"WITH NAMES LIKE FIN FANG FOOM, IT'S EASY TO FORGET THEY'RE DANGEROUS, AND THEY *WILL* EAT YOU.

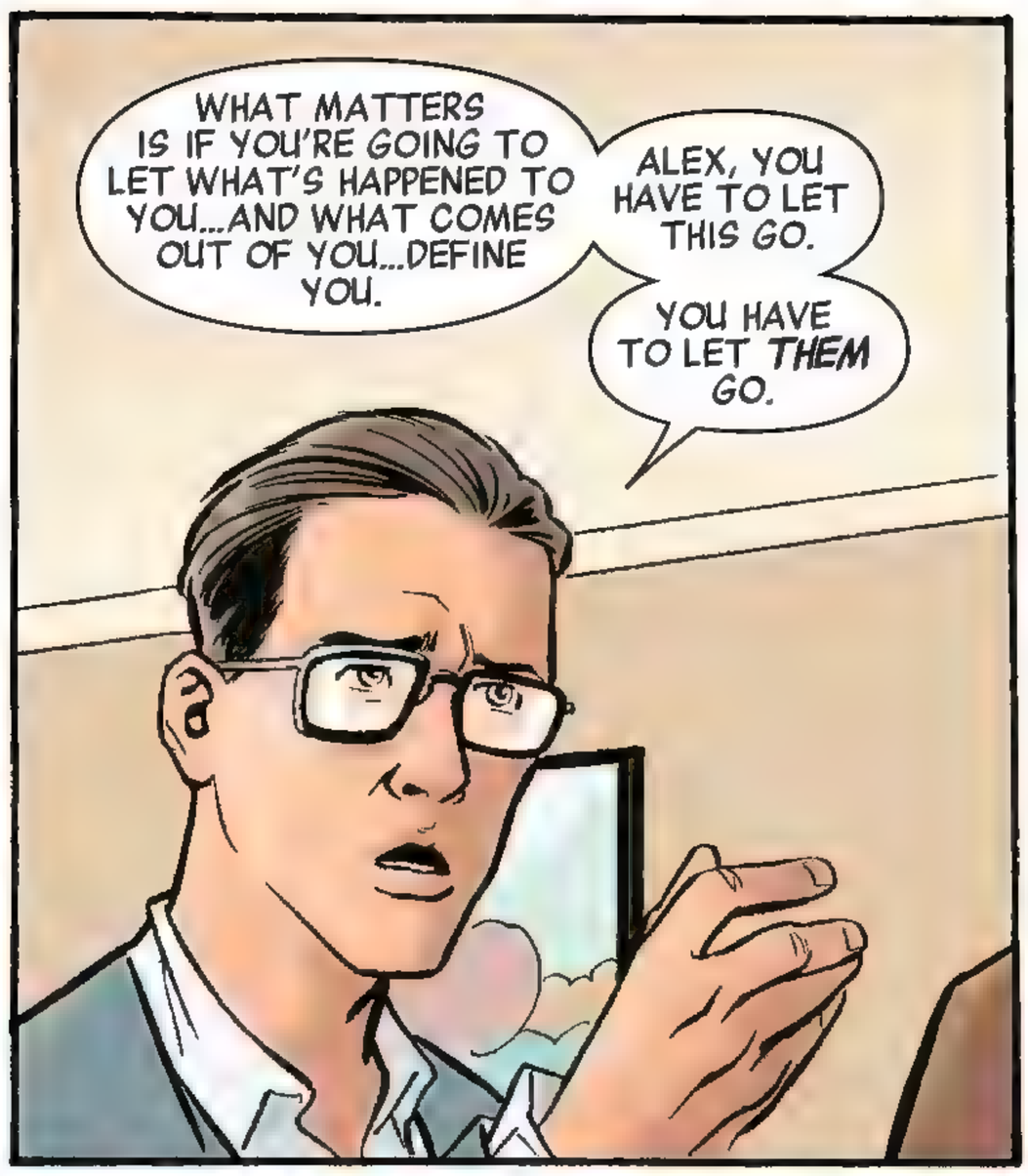
MR.... KING.
ALEX.
I'M SO SO SO SO SO SORRY.
I APPRECIATE THAT...BUT I KNOW YOU NEED TO LAUGH.
YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND DO IT, JUST GET IT OVER WITH.

ALEX, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE DEATH OF YOUR FAMILY, HERE.
I DON'T... I DON'T NEED TO LAUGH.
CAN WE JUST SKIP THIS PART?
SERIOUSLY. GO AHEAD. EVEN MY PARENTS HAD TO DO IT.

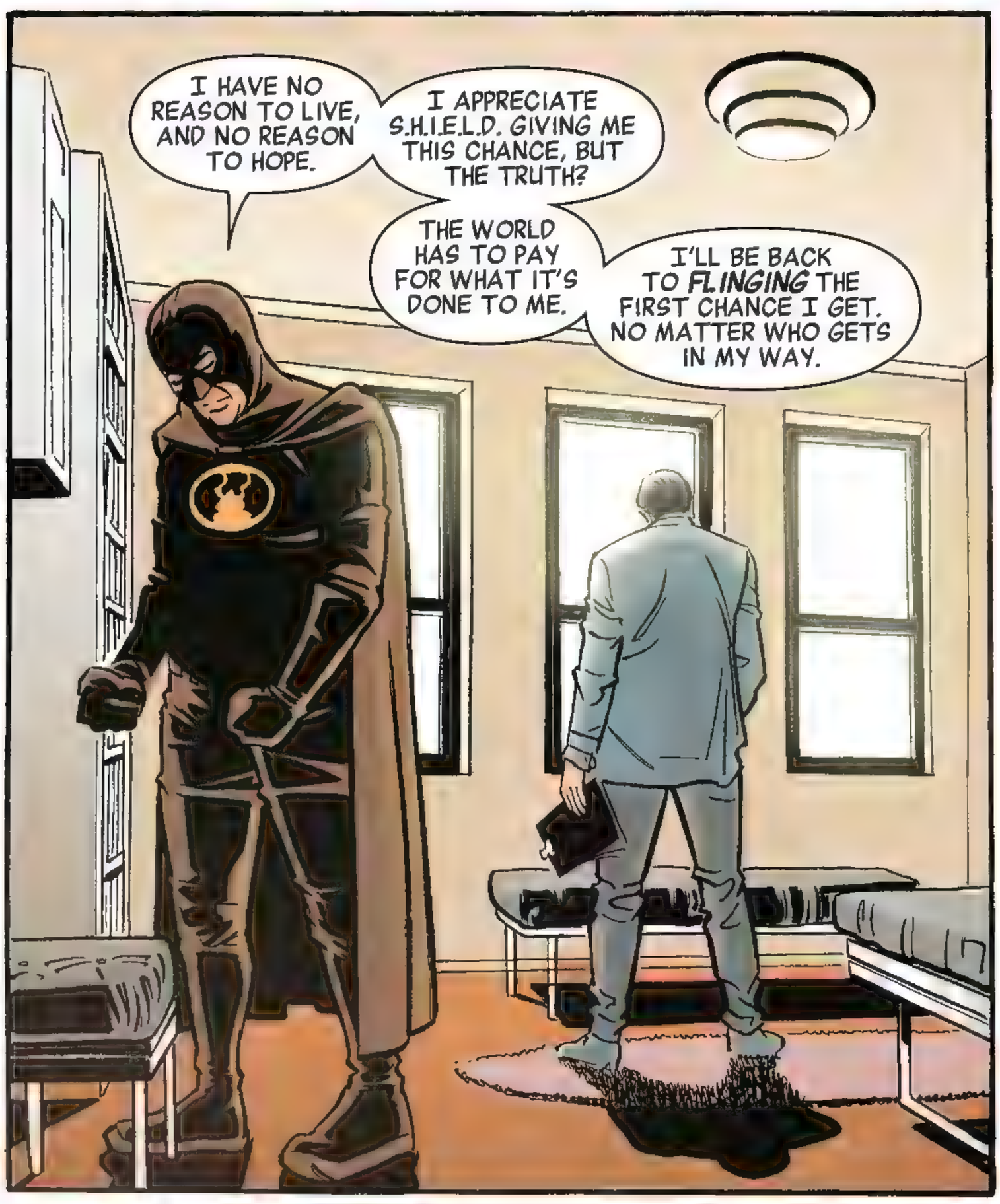


=SNORT=
HEY, IT'S THE ELEPHANT'S POOP IN THE ROOM.
I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY. THIS IS SO UNPROFESSIONAL.
WE CAN KEEP GOING WITH THE THERAPY NOW.

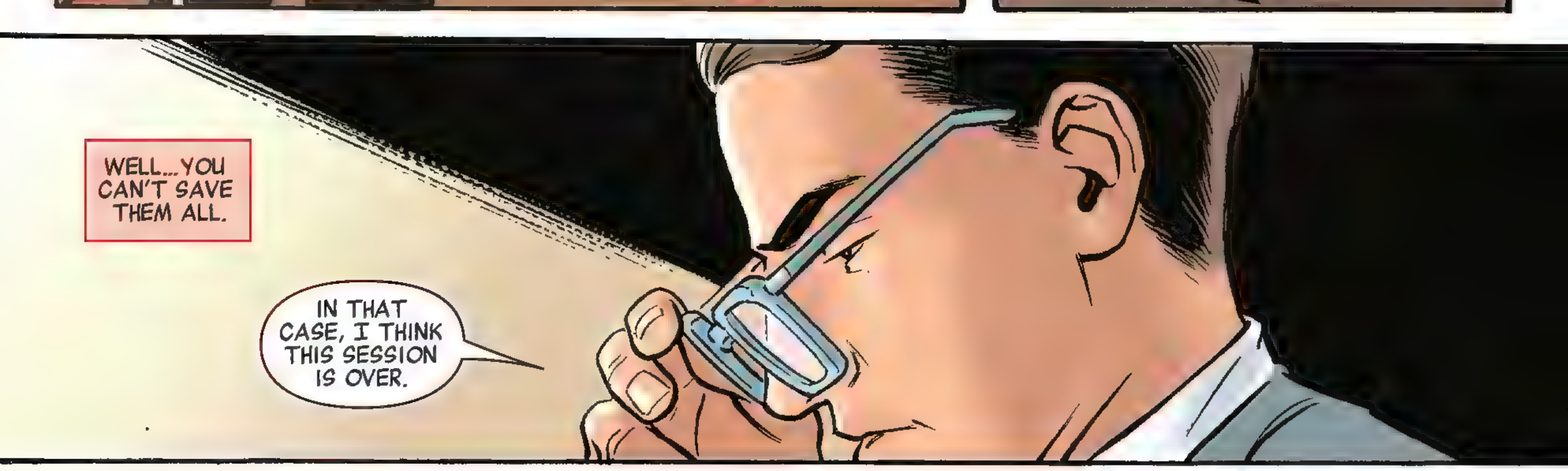

LOOK, THAT IS MAYBE THE MOST HORRIBLE ORIGIN STORY I'VE EVER HEARD.
BUT THE REST OF YOUR STORY IS PROTOTYPICAL.
YOU WENT MAD WITH GRIEF AND FILLED THAT EMPTINESS WITH SELF-LOATHING AND SOLD YOUR... SERVICES...TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER. A SUPER-POWERED HITMAN.
OR #$%&-MAN, AS I'M CALLED BY THOSE JERKS IN THE HYDRA LOCKER ROOM.
KIND OF CLEVER.


WHAT MATTERS IS IF YOU'RE GOING TO LET WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU...AND WHAT COMES OUT OF YOU...DEFINE YOU.
ALEX, YOU HAVE TO LET THIS GO.
YOU HAVE TO LET THEM GO.

I WANT TO! I WANT TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE!
EVERY WAKING HOUR IS PAIN AND MALICE AND ANGER.
AND I SMELL, MAN! I SMELL REAL BAD!
YOU DO.
MR. SALINGER...IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.


I HAVE NO REASON TO LIVE, AND NO REASON TO HOPE.
I APPRECIATE S.H.I.E.L.D. GIVING ME THIS CHANCE, BUT THE TRUTH?
THE WORLD HAS TO PAY FOR WHAT IT'S DONE TO ME.
I'LL BE BACK TO FLINGING THE FIRST CHANCE I GET. NO MATTER WHO GETS IN MY WAY.

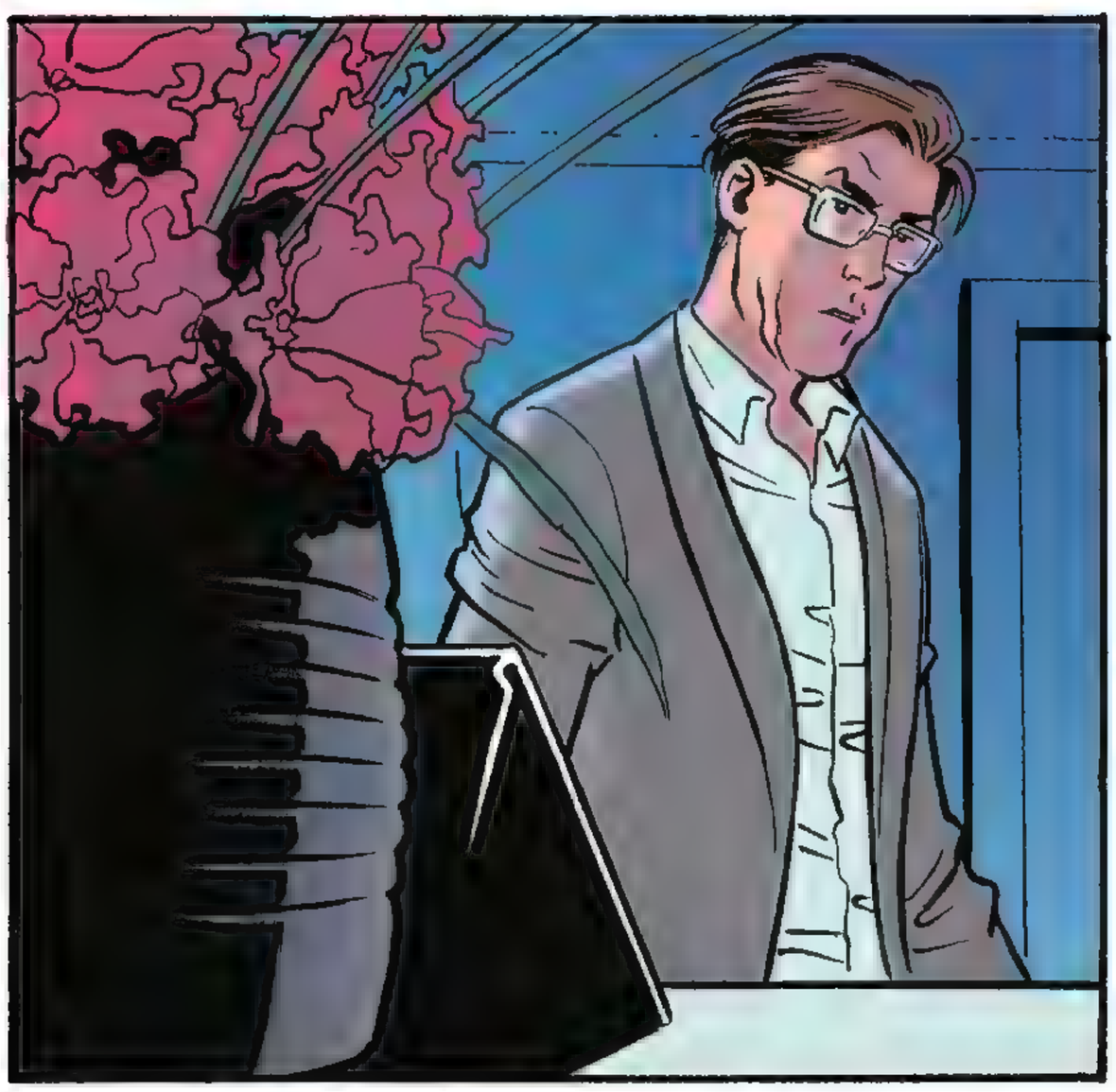
YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?
YEAH... I'M SURE.

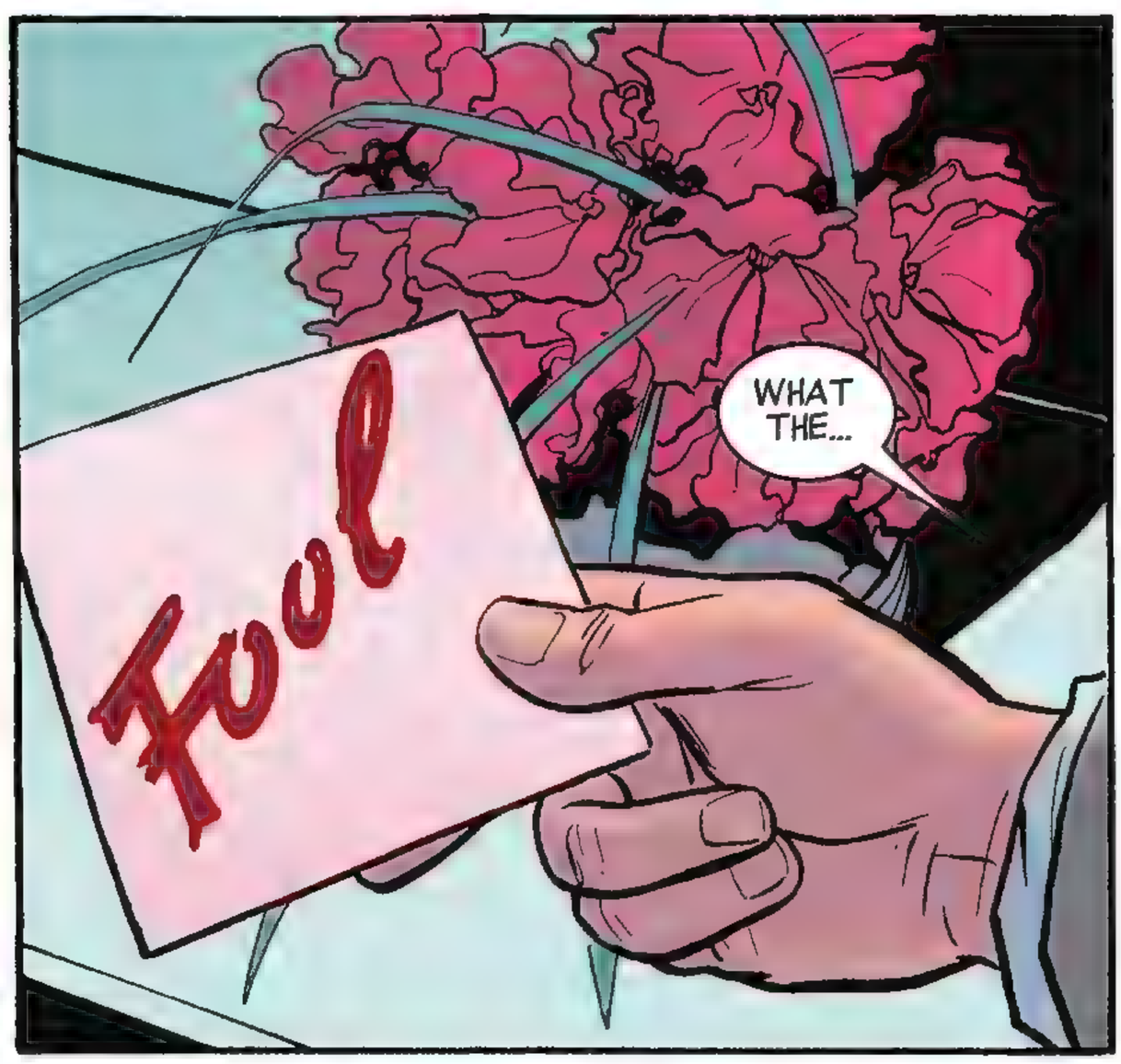

WELL...YOU CAN'T SAVE THEM ALL.
IN THAT CASE, I THINK THIS SESSION IS OVER.

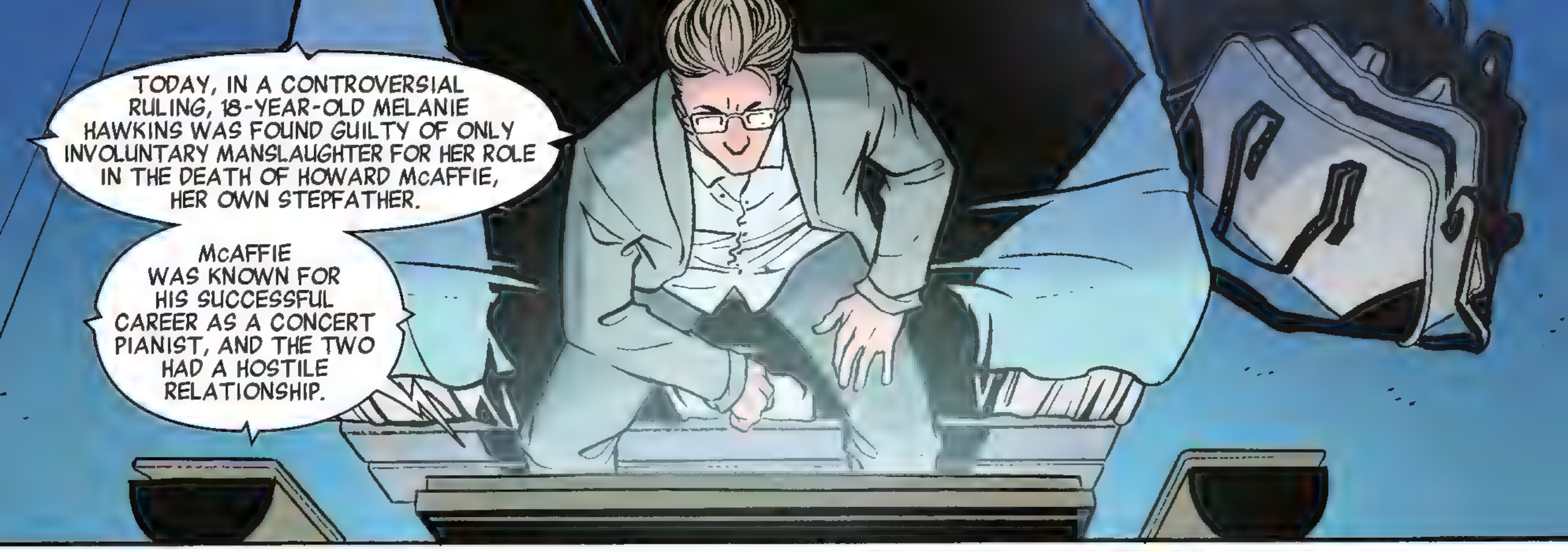
ASHES TO ASHES.
#$%& TO DUST.

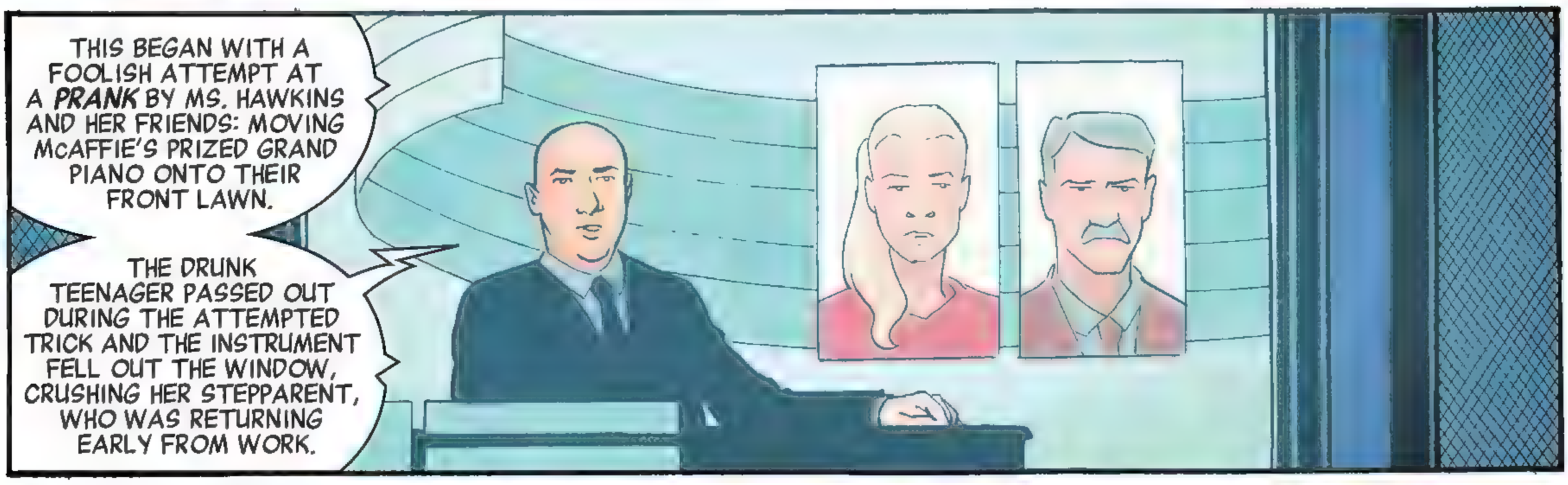
YO! SORRY I'M LATE, BABY.

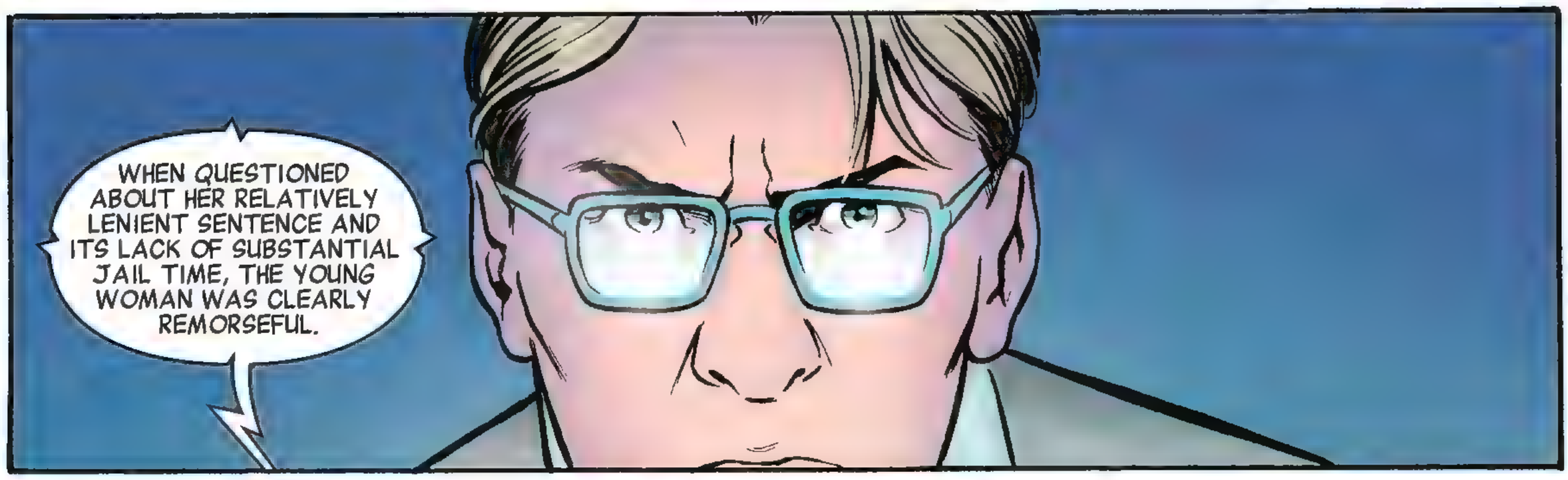
TOOK A STROLL BY THE DOCKS AND...

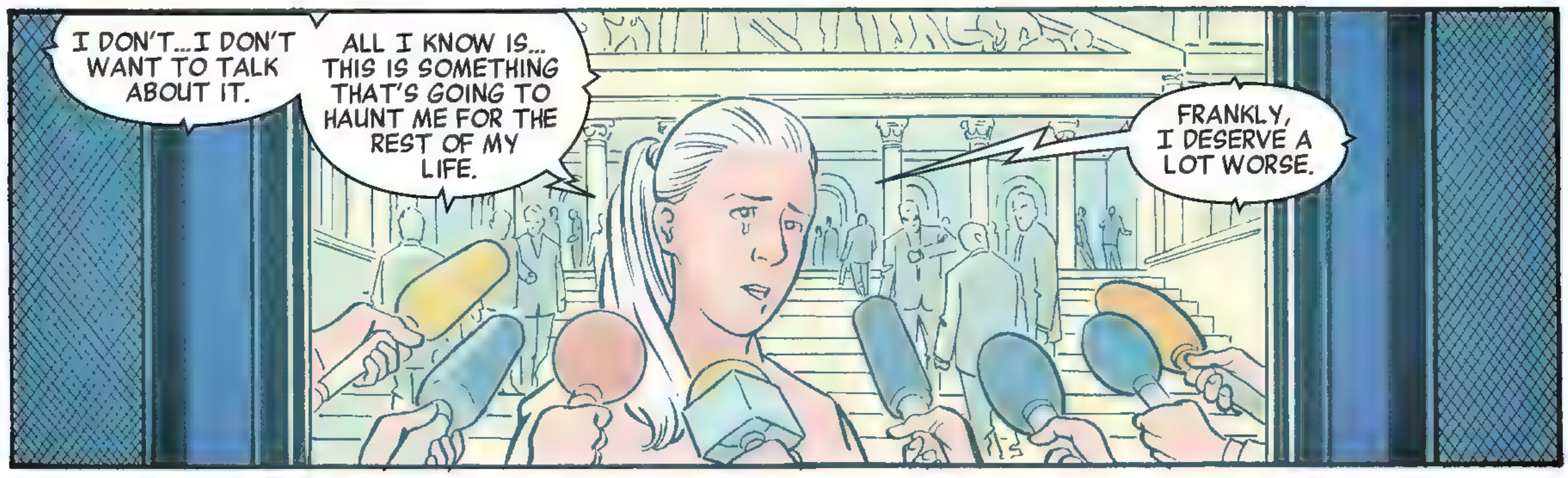




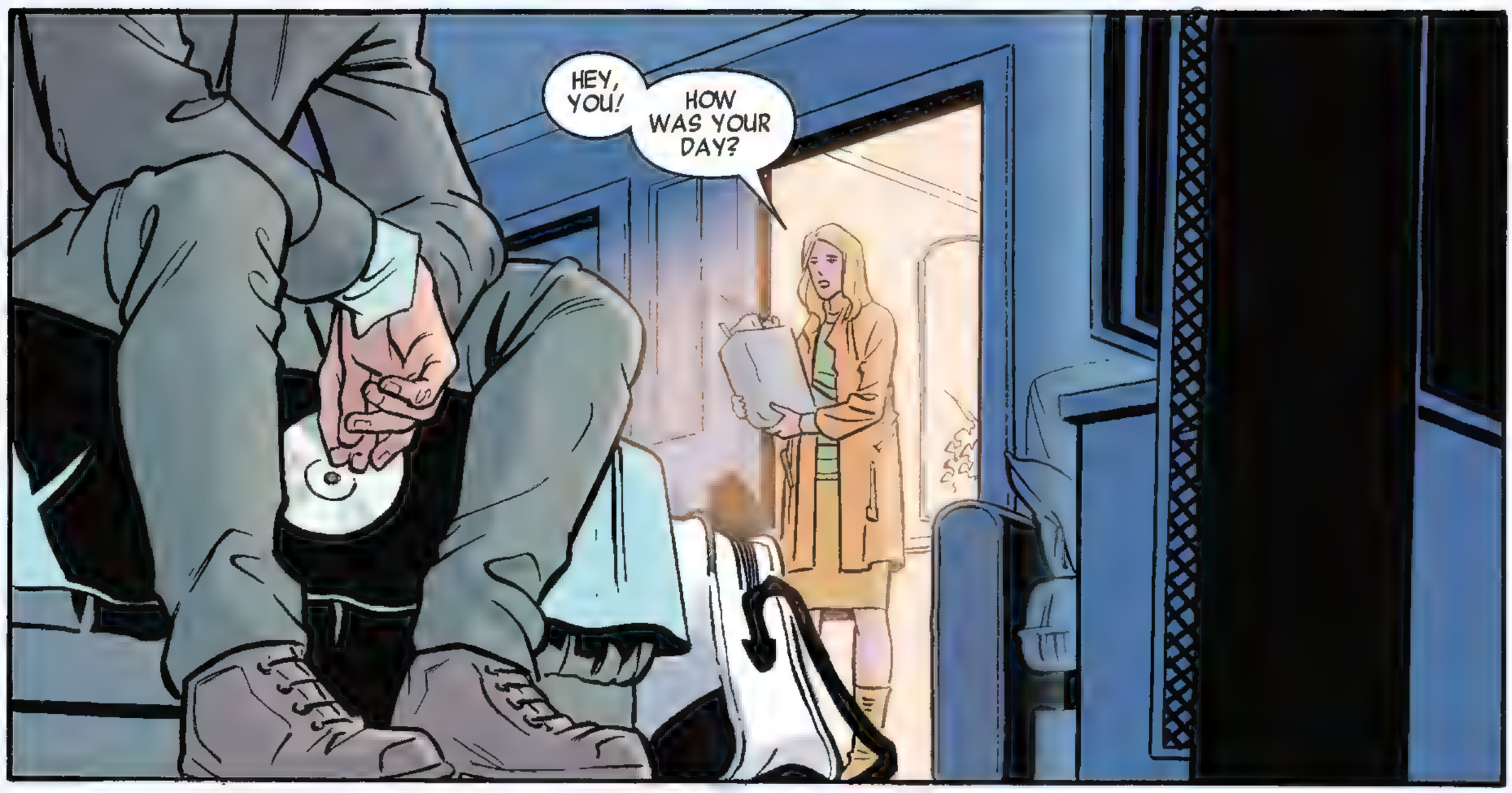

TODAY, IN A CONTROVERSIAL RULING, 18-YEAR-OLD MELANIE HAWKINS WAS FOUND GUILTY OF ONLY INVOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER FOR HER ROLE IN THE DEATH OF HOWARD McAFFIE, HER OWN STEPFATHER.
McAFFIE WAS KNOWN FOR HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS A CONCERT PIANIST, AND THE TWO HAD A HOSTILE RELATIONSHIP.


THIS BEGAN WITH A FOOLISH ATTEMPT AT A PRANK BY MS. HAWKINS AND HER FRIENDS: MOVING McAFFIE'S PRIZED GRAND PIANO ONTO THEIR FRONT LAWN.
THE DRUNK TEENAGER PASSED OUT DURING THE ATTEMPTED TRICK AND THE INSTRUMENT FELL OUT THE WINDOW, CRUSHING HER STEPPARENT, WHO WAS RETURNING EARLY FROM WORK.


WHEN QUESTIONED ABOUT HER RELATIVELY LENIENT SENTENCE AND ITS LACK OF SUBSTANTIAL JAIL TIME, THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS CLEARLY REMORSEFUL.


I DON'T...I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
ALL I KNOW IS... THIS IS SOMETHING THAT'S GOING TO HAUNT ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
FRANKLY, I DESERVE A LOT WORSE.

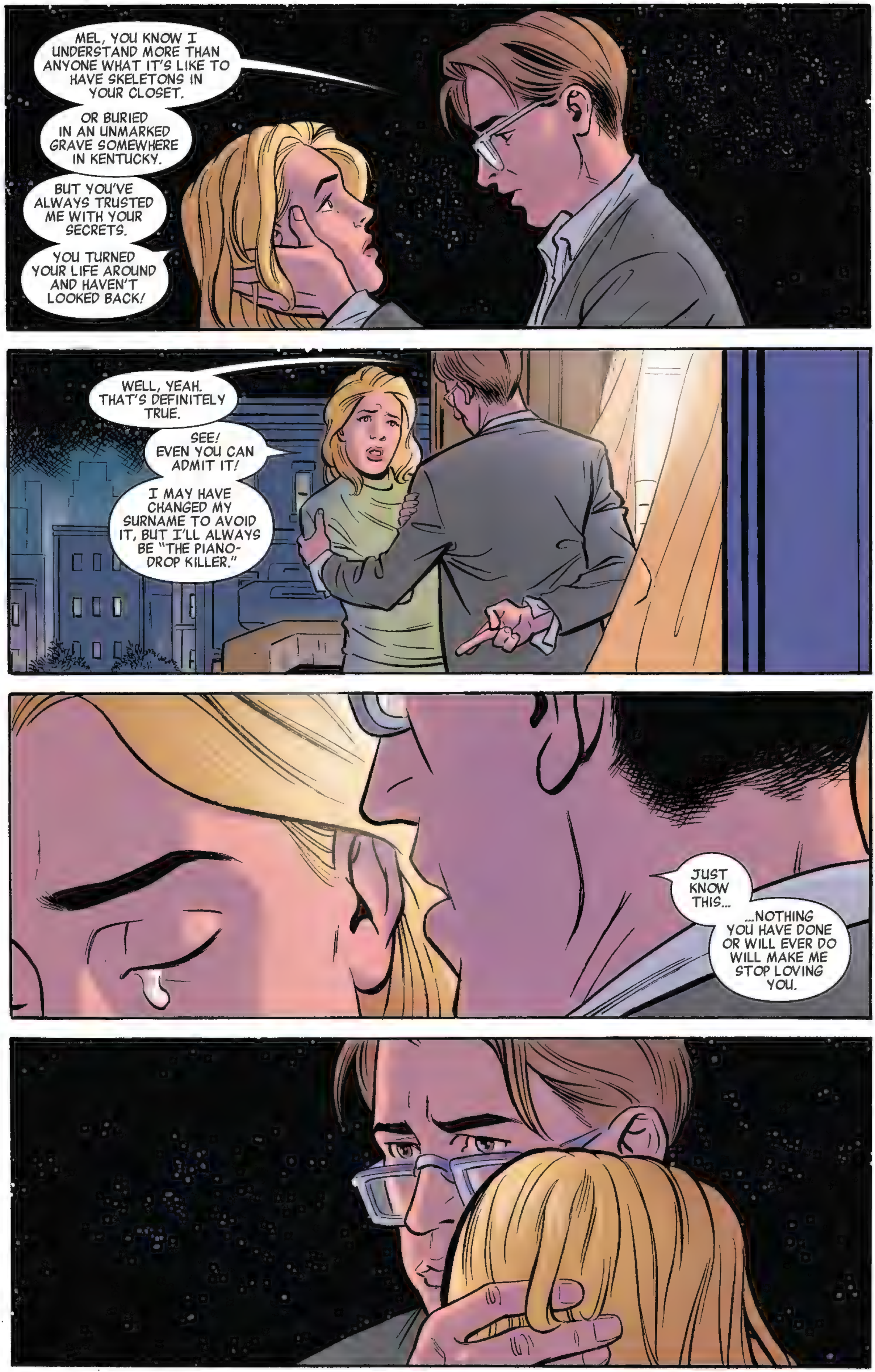
I'M HOME!
WHERE ARE YOU?

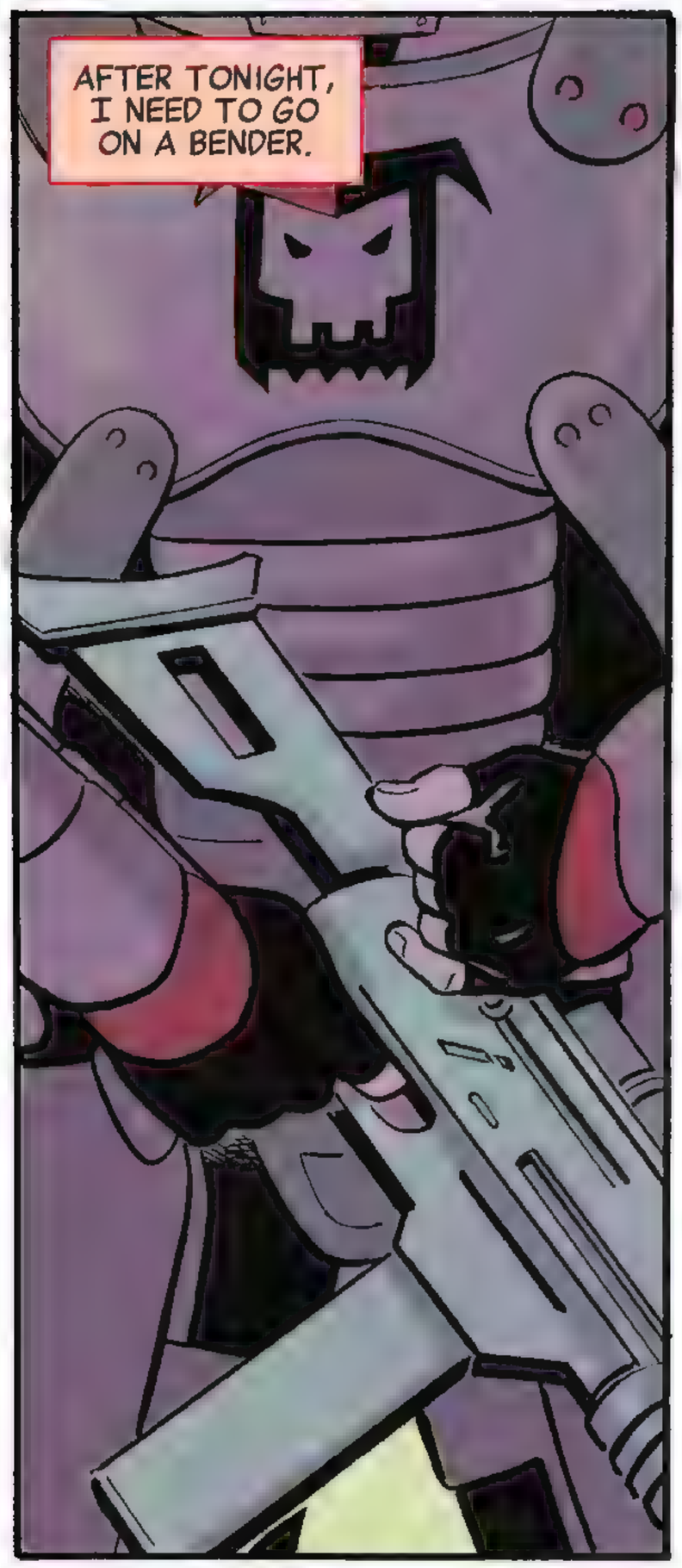

HEY, YOU!
HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

GREG?

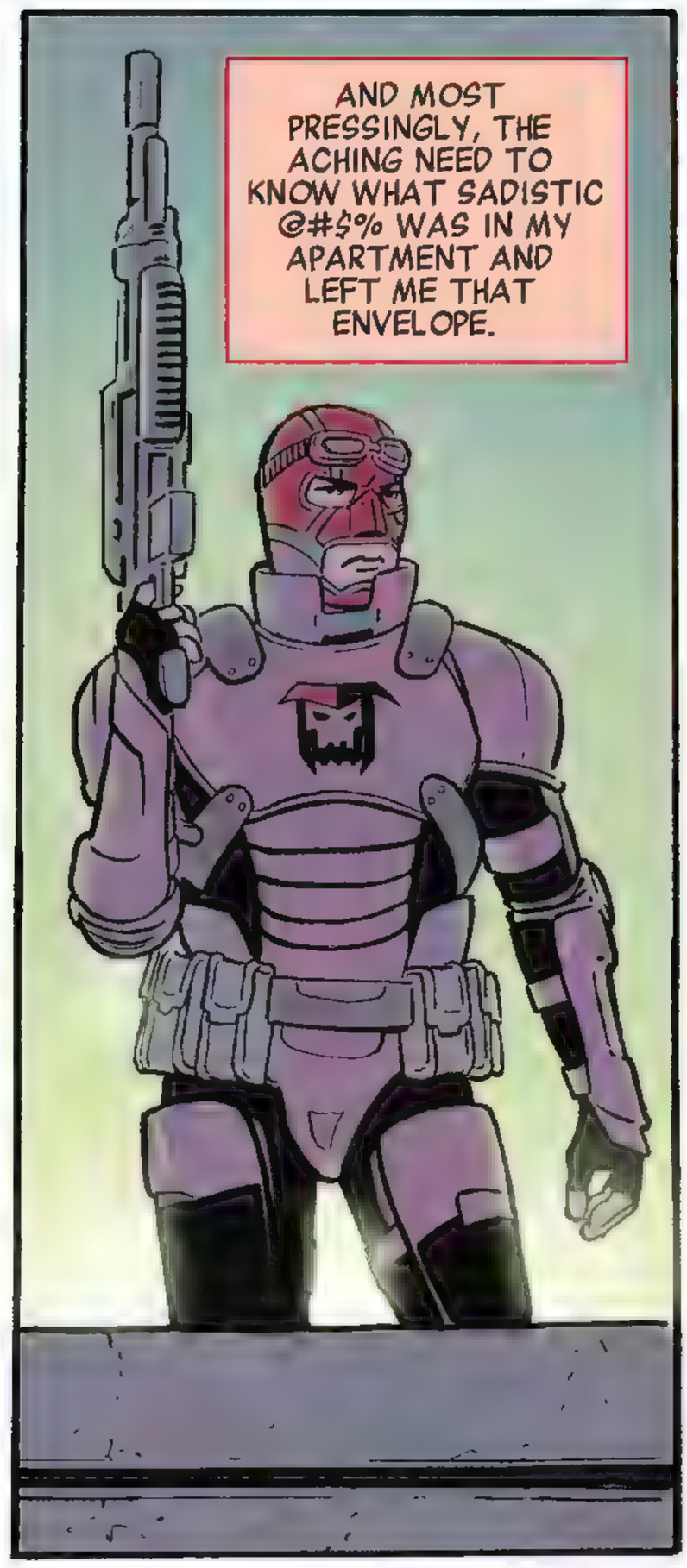
WHAT'S THAT?

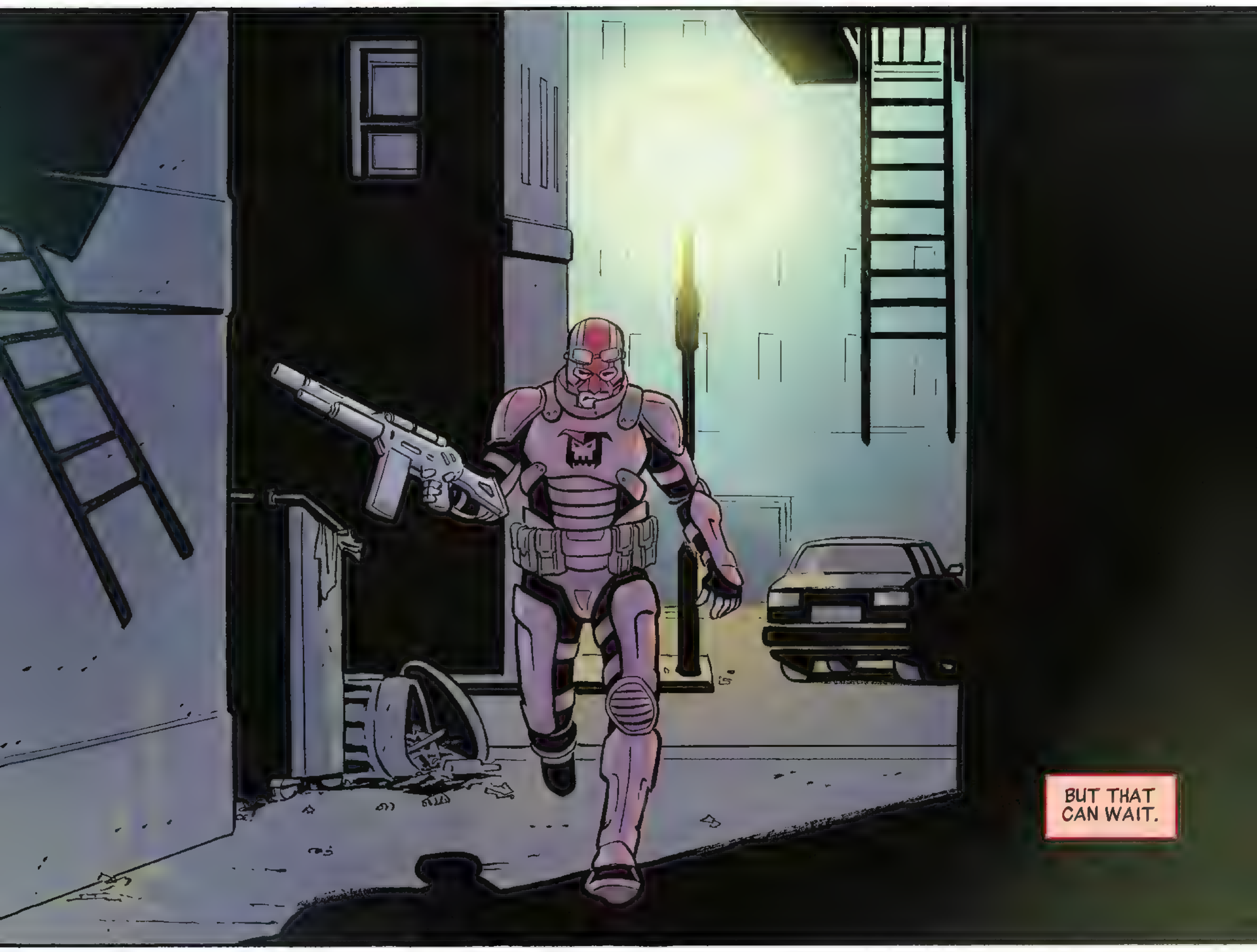
HOW... HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?
SIX MONTHS OF HOLDING THIS BACK.
SIX MONTHS OF...OF LIES.


MEL, YOU KNOW I UNDERSTAND MORE THAN ANYONE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE SKELETONS IN YOUR CLOSET.
OR BURIED IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY.
BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS TRUSTED ME WITH YOUR SECRETS.
YOU TURNED YOUR LIFE AROUND AND HAVEN'T LOOKED BACK!
WELL, YEAH. THAT'S DEFINITELY TRUE.
SEE! EVEN YOU CAN ADMIT IT!
I MAY HAVE CHANGED MY SURNAME TO AVOID IT, BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE "THE PIANO-DROP KILLER."
JUST KNOW THIS...
...NOTHING YOU HAVE DONE OR WILL EVER DO WILL MAKE ME STOP LOVING YOU.


AFTER TONIGHT, I NEED TO GO ON A BENDER.

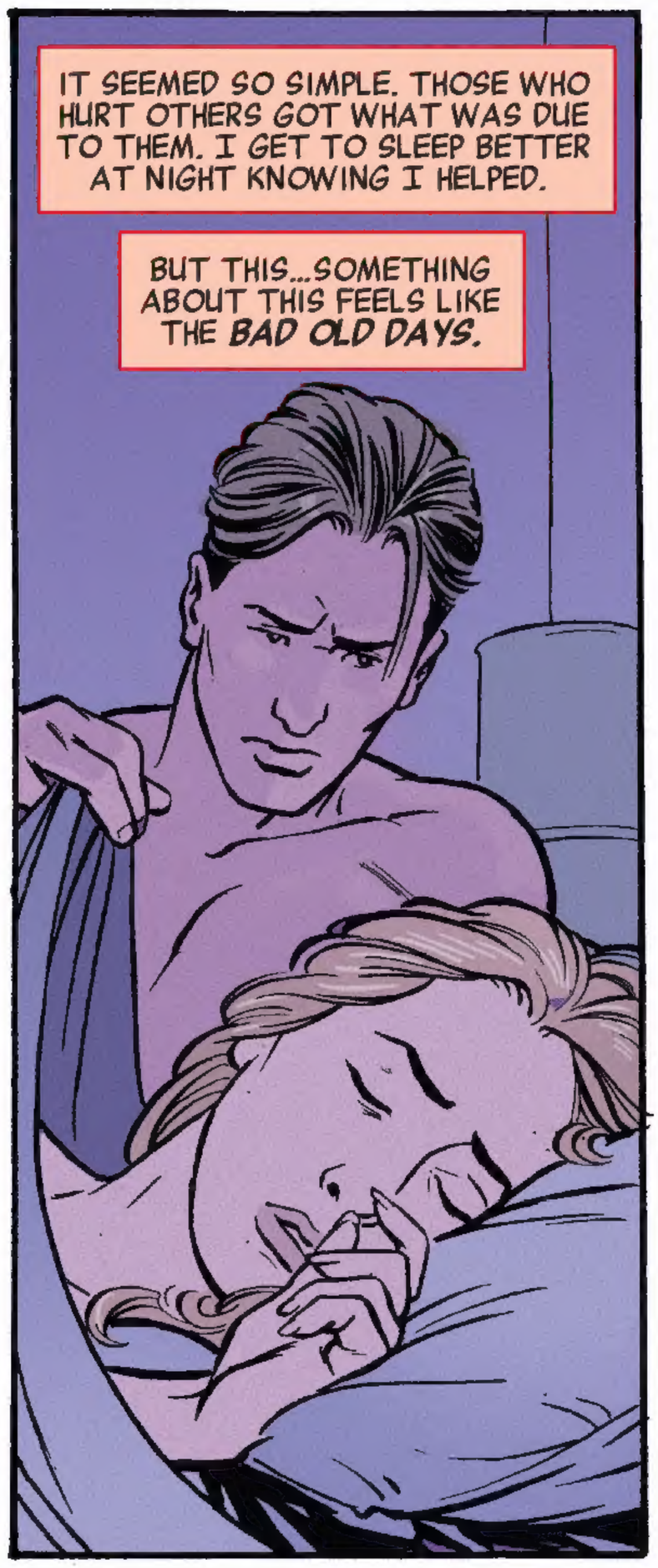
I NEED TO ERASE THESE FEELINGS BEFORE THEY SWALLOW ME WHOLE.
THOUGHTS ABOUT MELANIE. ABOUT HER POOR, DEAD STEPDADDY.


AND MOST PRESSINGLY, THE ACHING NEED TO KNOW WHAT SADISTIC @#$% WAS IN MY APARTMENT AND LEFT ME THAT ENVELOPE.


BUT THAT CAN WAIT.

WITH GARY'S ENDORSEMENT, I DECIDE TO "REVISIT" SEVERAL ASSESSMENTS OF MY FORMER PATIENTS.
"GLOVES" LEE, SUPERHUMAN SERIAL RAPIST...SUFFERER OF OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE DISORDER.
"FIERCE."
YES, A MUTANT TERRORIST WHO ACTUALLY CALLS HIMSELF "FIERCE."
CHRONIC BEDWETTER.
IT'S DIRTY BUSINESS, BUT I CAN ALWAYS CONSOLE MYSELF WITH MINDFULNESS AND POSITIVITY.
AT LEAST THIS GUY IS BEING SENT TO THE GRAVE BY THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE'S A FURRY...
...AND THAT HE KILLED AND REPLACED SHIA LABEOUF WITH A MALFUNCTIONING CLONE.

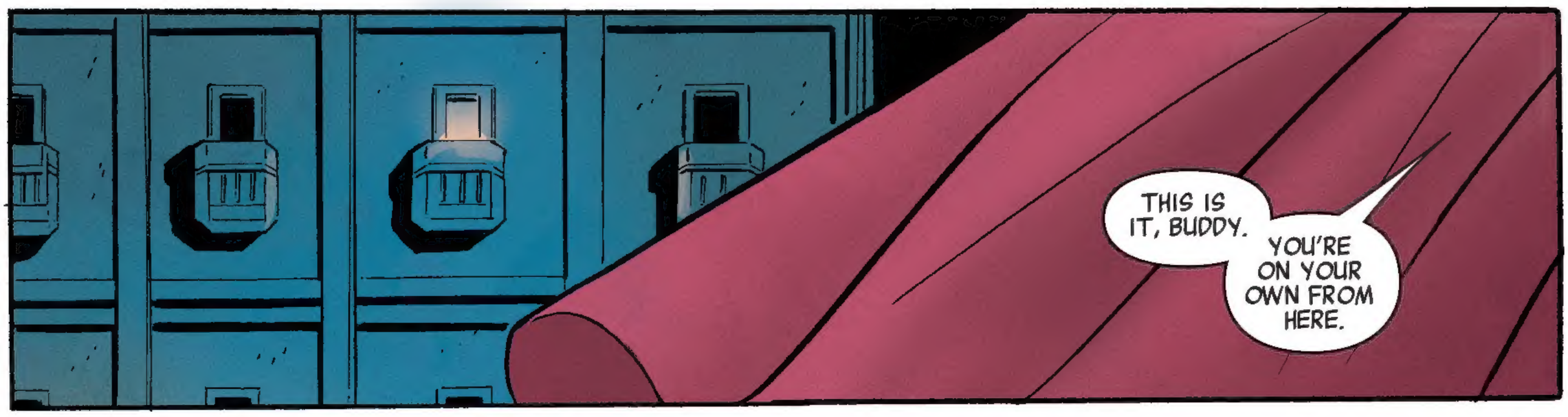
I THOUGHT I'D GIVEN MYSELF OVER TO RATIONALITY AND COMPASSION.


IT SEEMED SO SIMPLE. THOSE WHO HURT OTHERS GOT WHAT WAS DUE TO THEM. I GET TO SLEEP BETTER AT NIGHT KNOWING I HELPED.
BUT THIS...SOMETHING ABOUT THIS FEELS LIKE THE *BAD OLD DAYS.*

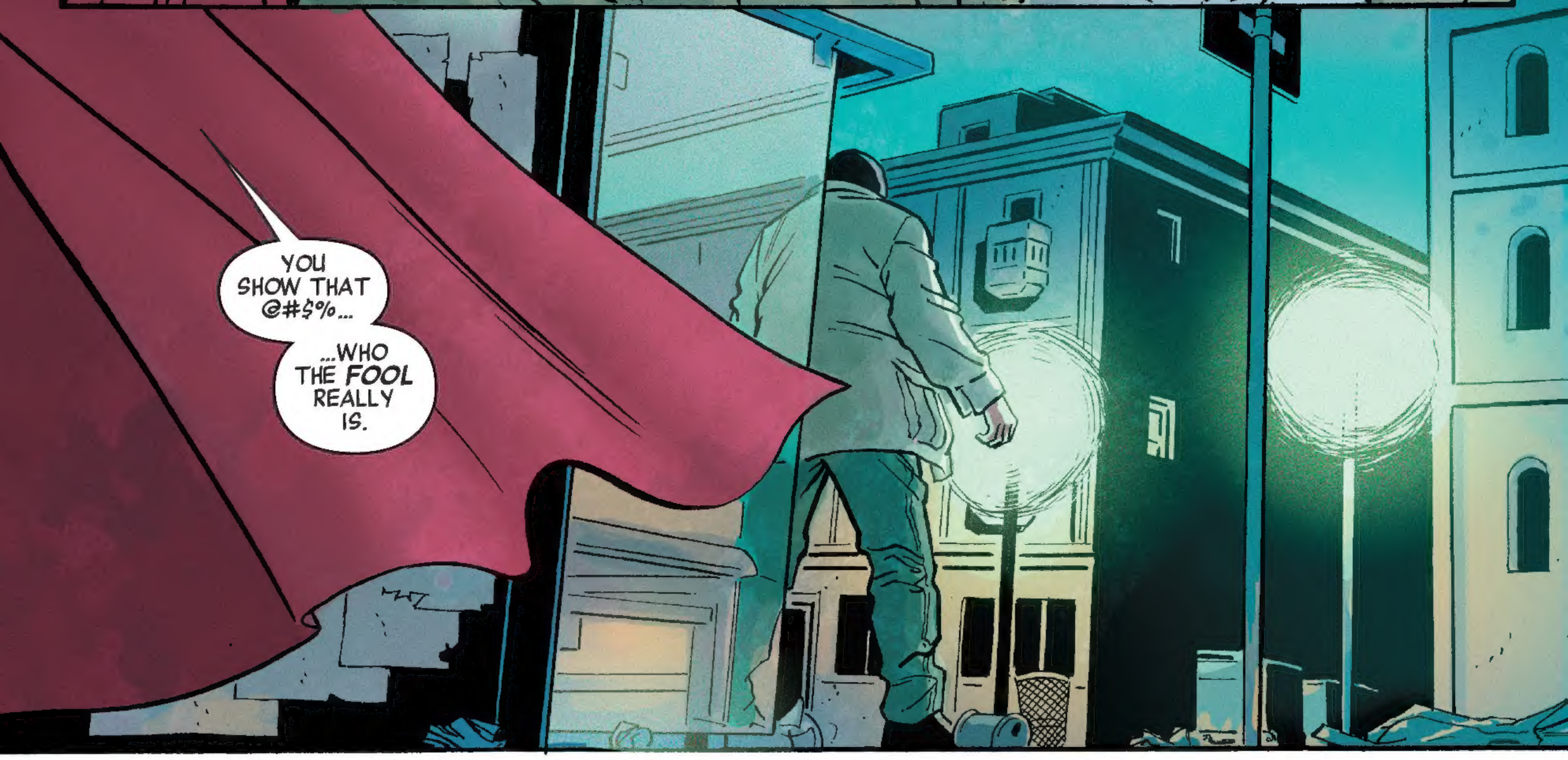
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I LOOKED AROUND AT WHAT MY REFORMATION HAS EARNED ME AND THANKED GOD THAT MY DEMONS HAVE RECEDED INTO THE DARK?

TONIGHT, "SLEEPING BETTER AT NIGHT" IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

TONIGHT, I WON'T BE SLEEPING AT ALL.


THIS IS IT, BUDDY.
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM HERE.

WHEN I OWE SOMEONE A FAVOR, THEY CAN COUNT ON ME.
AND YOU STOOD BY MY SIDE LOYALLY.
SO YOU DO YOUR THING. JUST MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T TRAIL BACK TO YOURS TRULY.


YOU SHOW THAT @#$%...
...WHO THE *FOOL* REALLY IS.

GONNNNNNA NEEEEEED THE MAAAAAAAASK.
TO BE CONTINUED!

ZONE